

Honest Mistake

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Gamagoori said they would do this today. He said he would be here before lunch to get her. He's late, or maybe not, Mako really couldn't tell anymore. All she knew was that they were going to do the do and they were most likely going to skip to do so!

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For betachan/blackteen on Tumblr, who gave me this golden idea!~

Beta, this is for you, your art, your amazing stream, and your love of Iramako and my fanfics! You got your fanfiction! It doesn't actually have smut? But it implies the hell out of it (also, some fun with other things too~). I hope it satisfies~

I may also do a follow-up chapter but... just, its a maybe...

Prompt: Mako and Gamagoori sneak out of school to do the do~

Mako peeked around her book toward the door, rubbing her legs together. He was supposed to have gotten here to bail her out. She stuck her hands in-between her thighs, rubbing them together. He couldn't be late, right? Or maybe it was getting stronger? She couldn't tell; all she knew was that it had to be time for him to get here to bail her out. She peeked at the broken clock, knowing all too well it would not help. He couldn't have forgotten either. This was-

"Mako, what has you so fidgety?"

Mako squeaked. She forgot to make sure that Ryuuko wasn't paying her attention! She moved her hands back on her desk, sliding them until her hands dangled off the edge. Her book teetered on the right side of her desk until she grabbed it and slid it on to her lap. It didn't really help at all but it kept the book in a place where it wouldn't fall.

"I just am, Ryuuko... I just want to get out of here..."

"... okay... just don't jump from your seat again when the bell rings. You nearly broke your legs the last time"

"Understood!" Mako saluted her before putting her book up again, shoving her hands between her thighs and peeking at the door from behind her book. It had to be almost time! Or maybe she was right and it was getting stronger. The buzz was still there; maybe it had gotten worse. She stopped feeling it a while back but she was never sure if-

The heavy metal door shuddered before opening widely, several Disciplinary Committee One-Stars poured in, standing at attention in front of the board. No one else flowed in, but the group was obviously not here for a simple visit. The class was awake, a little apprehensive of what was to happen. Ryuuko was at attention, staring darkly at them. One student stepped forward and pulled out a PDA, tapping through it like Inumuta did with his. He looked up from the blue-lit screen and cleared his throat.

Mako could only shudder, and it wasn't from fear or worry. This interruption of class had to be for her.

"Mako Mankanshoku. You have been summoned to the Disciplinary Office for questioning on grounds of possible school code infraction and delinquency"

Ryuuko was grabbing the One-Star by the collar and hoisting him against the blackboard quicker than Mako could stand and accept the summon.

"She's done nothing wrong! What does Gamagoori even think in that huge ass office of his; that he can mess with our heads like this with false accusations? You're not taking Mako!"

"I have m-my orders, Ryuuko Matoi. Orders that also expressed no physical harm to be done neither any mental or emotional harm. All we were ordered was to escort her without any physical or speaking contact to our Chair's office, nothing more and nothing less"

Ryuuko's eyes narrowed at the bowl cut Disciplinary student. His eyes shifted from side to side to his comrades who neither moved or

even tried to intervene with Ryuuko's actions. The class was stagnant, even Mikisugi was silent, backed away from the line of One-Stars. Ryuuko slowly let the One-Star down back on his feet and stepped back, letting the model student cough out the caught breath in his throat and take in new breath.

"I'm coming with her" Ryuuko spat threateningly, obviously not budging. The One-Star nodded quickly in agreement, most likely scared of her now.

"You may, but you can not enter the office with her" another One-Star added, stepping up. Ryuuko casted a hard look at him, sending him back in line.

"Fine. Come on, Mako. Let's see if they'll keep to their orders"

"Alright!"

The line of Disciplinary Members surrounded them as they walked out, creating a One-Star Goku Uniform bubble down the middle of the halls. Mako and Ryuuko were the middle of the bubble, with tension building from Ryuuko. She wasn't getting a good vibe from anyone around her. She looked over at Mako.

Mako was blissfully unaware of Ryuuko's suspicion of something bad. She was walking calmly alongside her, hands folded behind her. She kept her eyes in front of her, but they weren't focused on anything. She looked calm on the outside, being her usual happy self blissfully unaware of things. But what Ryuuko didn't know was that she really wasn't.

It was getting worse. She pressed her legs together as she walked, trying to calm it down. It really was getting worse. It had to have gotten stronger; her knees were getting weaker. She felt like jelly, but she stayed calm and collected as she knew she had to. Although she did keep her legs as closed as possible as she walked, she kept a good appearance of nothing wrong. Yep, nothing wrong at all... why did her leg feel wet?

The large double doors into the Disciplinary Main Office suddenly appeared, the One-Star circle broke open. Mako walked forward without hesitation, reaching out for the door as Ryuuko called out to be careful. Mako nodded furiously before slowly pushing the doors open and venturing inside. The doors slammed closed behind her, bathing her in darkness. It was pitch black, nothing out around her to help or guide her. She was left to her other senses, now sharpened by the lack of visual aide. She thought she heard something toward her left shuffling but no other sound gave any cues as to where anything was. She took a few steps forward. Nothing fell and she didn't hit anything. A good start.

"Gamagoori?" she tentatively called out. The lights flickered on above her, blinding her for a moment. She covered her eyes with her hands for a breath's moment and felt strong arms wound around her stomach. She reached down at them just as her eyes adjusted to the lights.

Yep. Gamagoori got hold of her while she was defenseless. She wormed around in his arms until her head was turned to the side, lips crashing down on hers with no warnings. She was on her toes, turning around in the arms of Gamagoori and making out with him in no time flat. Her feet left the ground shortly as she was hoisted up into his arms, held in place against his chest by his arms. As their kiss grew to a stop, Mako was set back on to the ground.

"I'm sorry Gamagoori but I need this"

"What?"

Mako tugged at his uniform, grabbing fistfuls of the fabric and pulling him down to her face-level. She took him by the lips again, gasping against the sudden heat running from her lower stomach. Gamagoori gasped away from Mako's desperate attempts, holding her a distance away from him. She whined in annoyance at the retreat, but it turned into an under-the-breath moan as he leaned in to her ear.

"Not here" he whispered, "Not here, not with Inumuta watching the cameras"

"O-okay.." was Mako's weak response, grabbing on to his arms.
"When? When can we go?"

Gamagoori looked to the doors, contemplating the possibilities and options. "We could go now"

"Skip?" Mako murmured, "You would-"

"Quiet" he silenced her thought with a finger, "Just... urgh..."

Mako groaned, letting go of Gamagoori and rubbing her hands between her thighs. It was getting stronger again.

"Mankanshoku?"

Mako could feel something wet slide down her legs again. It really was getting worse. She squirmed, trying to keep anything vocal stuck in her throat. It had to start getting worse now. She looked up at Gamagoori with what could only be described as the most pitiful look possible.

"It's stronger... I was experimenting with things and it... it won't stop... ACK!"

Mako gasped once she regained her breath and her sight. She was one place and now she was at another, being hovered over by Gamagoori, arms spread out and pinned down. Her legs were outspread, dangling off the edge of the desk underneath her. Her skirt was hiked up, revealing her soaked panties and the lines of translucent liquid down her legs. She tried to arch her back but Gamagoori kept her still and flat on her back. She was effectively pinned down on the desk, dominated by Gamagoori by his strength.

"What could you be experimenting with that has you like this Mako?"

Ohhhh, the voice. The bedroom voice. Her sudden fear calmed, and she relaxed into the restraint of his hands. She relaxed her legs, which had tried to move so she wasn't just spread open for him, and stared up into his grey eyes.

"I was experimenting with things that probably shouldn't be seen by Inumuta"

He was moving quicker than Mako could throw a Hallelujah out and rant. She was on her feet, skirt and shirt back in place and walking alongside Gamagoori as he opened the other door in the room which led him into the tower and into the Elite's homes.

Which were, for the most part, surveillance free.

She wandered inside as soon as he waved her in, looking back into his office for a moment before closing the doors behind them and sending them into dimly lit darkness and hallways. Mako turned to him as he locked the door and came up beside her. Her knees shook at the amount of passion suddenly visible in his eyes. They both grabbed each other's hands at the same time and walked quickly down the hall, moving faster and faster until they were sprinting down the empty, echoing halls toward the lift that would take them to their destination.

As soon as the lift opened and started to close, Gamagoori was pushed against the back wall, Mako pulling him down by his collar for a rough kiss, her tongue launching out even before their lips made contact. She continually pulled on his collar and pushed him against the now moving elevator wall as she french kissed him rough, angling her head and standing on her toes to further reach. Gamagoori groaned against her kiss, his hands begging to move only to stay on the wall as Mako dominated him. She pulled away with tongue still out, trailing a line of spit from Gamagoori's mouth.

They stumbled into his home as the lift dinged and open its glass doors, not bothering with subtlety as Mako ripped open his top, the suit's clasps popping as she forcibly released them. Gamagoori's

hands wandered and went under Mako's top, tugging the sailor top up and over her head and throwing it to the floor.

They were slamming the door of the bedroom door closed quickly after as clothes and various objects found homes on the floor, trailing to the door which presented a soaked pair of heart covered light pink panties on its doorknob.

"I still can't believe you, we, skipped school to do this! It seems unreal still! You would have screamed at me about it before it could barely leave my lips! And you're the one that gave that option!"

"And I can not believe you actually experimented with *that* "

Their bedroom romp was done, after hours of continuous under-the-sheet action. Mako was curled up against Gamagoori's chest, one of his arms propping him up a ways while the other was draped over her. Sweat covered every inch of them in a thin sheet, and the disorderly looks matched the status of their bed. Sheets thrown this was and that, pillows thrown to the base of the bed beside one lucky one now under Mako's head and Gamagoori's shoulder. The blanket somehow did not get hit but was instead used, now covering them both from the hips down. Mako propped herself up on both arms.

"I actually didn't mean to at first! But your fondness of that stuff had me curious so I went and bought one and tried it but then I forgot it was there and then I lost the remote to control the settings..."

Gamagoori's eyebrow's arched in suspicion. "And you didn't think of pulling it out?"

"... it actually felt really good so I kept it in. Then I found out through your note that you wanted to do this today and I thought 'Well maybe you would appreciate me trying at the BDSM stuff...' but you saw what happened! The settings kept going up and it seemed to control me! I couldn't keep it together anymore!"

"Your tries are very much appreciated, Mako..." Gamagoori whispered as he left a soft kiss on her forehead. "Although keeping a vibrator inside you through the school day is greatly discouraged"

Gamagoori looked over at the blue vibrator sitting on his nightstand. It had stopped vibrating after they pulled it out of her, and now it sat dead a few feet away. Gamagoori had a greatly different opinion on how far Mako would go after finding out that she kept a vibrator within her for hours without hurting herself and while it slowly increased in its vibrations without giving in to the pleasure.

She certainly displayed her resolve during sex today, he knew that for a fact. Technically he still was in the afterglow of their final performance.

"I won't" she yawned, stretching out and flopping her head down on the pillow. Gamagoori sunk down on the bed, lining up alongside her. She cuddled up closer to him until she decided 'fuck it' and climbed up on top of him, laying out on his expansive chest. Gamagoori obviously did not mind this and let her stay there, adjusting a few times to keep her balanced on his chest and to add some comfort to his back and shoulders, which were raw from Mako's nails biting into them during intercourse. Mako curled up on her side, pressing her cheek well into his chest, listening to the soft pitter-patter of his heart in her ear. She felt his blanket ride up on her, covering her from shoulder to toes and farther on.

She slid off him, knowing that staying on him would be impossible, but she kept her head close to his heart. His arms corrected for her movement, enveloping her in muscle. Her new favorite protection.

"Sleepy..." Mako yawned, holding on to one of his pectoral muscles. Gamagoori nuzzled her hair.

"Then go to sleep. I'll... I'll deal with everything later with you"

"Thank you" she murmured, looking up at him, "Thank you for doing this Ira"

A kiss was her gift, several peppering her forehead and neck. "You're welcome. Now go to sleep. We'll need all the sleep we can get"

"For more in the morning?"

His face was red as a tomato as he turned the light off, but he still answered as he tucked Mako close.

"... possibly"